

## Anidumbpeople Three

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Summary: Ellimists and Pinkeye and Anidumbpeople, Oh My! Caution:  
use only as directed. See doctor if condition  
persists.

## Anidumbpeople Three

### Anidumbpeople 3

> Ellimists and Pinkeye and Anidumbpeople, Oh My!<br>

> <p> Ye olde attempt at humor number 3, people! Accept no imitation!  
Accept no other Anidumbpeoples! Accept no other Chester! For only  
19.95, how can you pay for anything else?<br> This one is designed to  
offend more people than Timothy Jones! Yes, people! But the good  
thing about this fanfic is: This will most likely offend anyone who  
has ever liked AniTV, worked on AniTV, owns AniTV, watched AniTV, or  
has a brother's best friend's cousin's roommate's aunt's chess  
opponent who liked AniTV!

> I can die happy now.<br> (Oops. Hold on. I still have to bomb  
Deborah Forte's house.)

\* \* \*

> <p> Marco was having one of those days. <br> You know, one of those  
days where everything goes right.

> People whom he didn't know came out of nowhere to lick his boots,  
girls he didn't know came out of nowhere to lick his boots, and he  
was fairly sure that if he went to fight the Yeerks, they'd end up  
licking his boots too. <br> Yep, he was definitely having a  
boot-licking day.

> Marco had decided that, due to all the saliva that had accumulated  
on his shoes over the day, it was time to go and buy some shoe polish  
to get rid of both the smell and the dried spit.<br> He'd trotted  
into town, careful to avoid looking either too suspicious or too damn  
awesome. Looking too damn awesome had always been a problem for  
Marco, or so he thought.

> He passed a local TV store, which was droning on and on and on. He  
peered in at what was playing - and nearly had a heart attack when he

saw. <br> 'We've got the Animorphs, we've got the Animorphs! Yes, yes, yes, we do!'

> He certainly remembered this set of particularly stupid Hoot-and-Jeers, who had been prancing around outside the Yeerk HQ with a gigantic butterfly net for months now. However, their own Vegas show? It was insane! And look at them, prancing around in those shiny metallic costumes! Ooooh, they're so reflective....shiny and reflective....ahhhhhh....Marco forced himself to look away, leaving the Hoot-and-Jeers to their next song - which was 'We've got the Animorphs', only this time to a snazzy jazz beat.<br> Marco, being silly, decided to duck down a side alley and go in search of a shoe-shine store there. What he found, however, shocked him. He pushed open the door, and walked inside - to be greeted by a sychophantic shop assistant. 'Welcome to MARCOWORLD, you Handsome sir you! What can I do for you?'

> Marco was stunned. All along the walls were stocked Marco-egsue merchandise, such as the Marco Vanity Mirror, the Marco Portable Vanity Mirror, and the Marco extra-large Vanity Mirror.<br>

'Errr....you can tell me who made this shop? And how the hell whoever made this shop knows so much about me?!?' The assisstant made a brief nod and went in to get the store owner. He returned, a blue floating guy following him. THAT'S RIGHT, MARCO. I'M THE OWNER, PROPRIETOR AND OTHERWISE RUNNER OF THIS STORE. NIFTY, ISN'T IT? OF COURSE, THOSE WITH WHOM WE PLAY A DARK GAME ARE COMPETING WITH LOWER PRICES AND REBATES, BUT WE HAVE QUALITY MERCHANDISE HERE. THERE IS A SPECIAL ON MIRRORS AT MIRROR AISLE #5.

> Marco wasn't sure what to do. On the one hand, here was the Ellimist, whose sole aim seemed to be to cause the Anidumbpeople trouble. On the other hand, this store was full of him!<br> 'Why are you here? I thought you'd given up harassing us!'

> CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATION. I HAVE TO APPEAR EVERY SO OFTEN TO REMIND PEOPLE I EXIST. <br> 'Well, I don't about this place. I mean, i've seen a lot of claims about MarcoProducts. What makes YOUR mirrors better than other mirrors?' Marco asked, cynically.

> ALL MARCOWORLD MIRRORS COME WITH A FULL GUARANTEE, AND IF YOU GRAB ONE WITHIN THE NEXT 15 YEARS, YOU'LL GET A FREE MARCO INFLATABLE ROOM BUDDY. LOOKS LIKE MARCO, SMELLS LIKE MARCO, AND HAS THAT WINNING MARCO SMILE!. The Ellimist smiled off into the distance briefly, as if posing for something.<br> 'Wow!', Marco exclaimed. 'You get ALL that for just \$19.95?'

> THATS RIGHT, MARCO. AND DON'T FORGET, THERE ARE NO IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE ORIGINAL MARCOWORLD PRODUCTS.<br> Marco, his need for shoe polish forgotten, hurriedly paid the Ellimist and ran out of the shop carrying a box under each arm. Behind him, the shop wavered a bit, then was sucked into the mouth of a gigantic, floating mollusc which disappeared without explanation.

\* \* \*

> '-yes, and we WILL defeat the Yeerks! They don't know what they're in for! All we have to do is-'<br> The Animorphs were having one of their extra-long meetings. Of course, Jake was speaking because he was the leader and leaders got to do things like that.

> 'We can't say no! We have to fight! Are you listening to me?'<br> Cassie was nursing a Bright Spotted Funkelmouse. Axelrose was writing letters back to eager female fans stating that sorry, but he could not pursue a long, involved relationship with them, or even a short, involved relationship with him behind the barn, because the others might hear and they knew how touchy Jake was about that kind of thing. Rachel was reading, '501 Ways To Mine Cheese Deposits', Tobias



> 'That you're walking on the wrong side of the road.'  
> 'That you've gone over the mountain.'

> That you're slashing with the blunt side of the tailblade.  
> That you're holding the water pistol the wrong way around.

> 'That you're eating the wrong flavour nachos.'  
> Rachel screamed at all these gay analogies and dived into the pigpen.

> 'Hey, there's a pigpen in your barn, Cassie?' Marco asked critically.  
> Cassie grinned. 'Yeah, I sure do like them pigs. Sittin' around. Eatin'. Sittin' around some more. Then eatin'. Then they like to sit around. Then they go a-eatin, and then they-'

> Ax quickly chopped off her head with his blade.  
> 'Criminy, Aximili! Why do you have to keep killing her?' Jake demanded, suddenly wanting to go into a full blown 'Oh-My-God-the-one-I-love-is-dead' cliché scene.

> I apologise, Prince Jake. I forgot the 'at least 10 minutes to say goodbye' rule of death clichés. Ax retracted.  
> Well this is just dandy. How is the author going to get us out of this one? Tobias interjected.

> A stick in the barn picked itself up on the floor and began scribbling a message in the dirt.  
> 'What do you mean, Deus ex Machina!?' Jake demanded.

> The stick wrote a bit more.  
> 'Of COURSE I know what it means! I meant, how are you going to use it THIS time?'

> The stick began to scrawl out another message.  
> 'What do you mean, the big shiny reset button?' Jake demanded again. 'Star Trek has used it so much that its become a cliché in its own right!'

> The stick scribbled s'more.  
> 'Alright, alright, alright. We'll go find the big reset button. Possibly giving us a lawsuit from Paramount, but they don't know where we live anyway.' Jake decided.

> 'And hopefully, there will be hundreds of Taxmen, Hoot-and-Jeers and other Kerk scum to justify this being an Animorphs parody.'  
[Note: The author took careful note of this, then proceeded to write in a large box of chocolates to appear in the next scene in Rachel's room].

> Doesn't that mean we have to let out Chester, Jake? We ARE obliged to. He is the author's character, after all. Tobias added.  
> 'Yes, yes, we'll let out Chester. Rachel, can you undo the straight jacket straps?'

> Rachel grabbed Chester. He burst into tears and began to babble.  
> 'Oh, just shut up,' Rachel said, muffled. She had been using her teeth to try and prise open the jacket.

> Hey, Jake, can't I be put in a straitjacket sometime? Tobias asked hopefully.  
> Jake shook his head. 'Sorry, Tobias. We'd have to get someone like Marco to rip off your shirt.'

> Tobias blanched. Forget I ever said anything.  
> 'Okay!' said Jake happily.

> That said, Chester opened his mouth and tried to form words. 'duhhhh....I think I need another flying morph....a duhhh....I've been duhhh working on one.'  
> Chester began to change. His body became white all over, and his nose became incredibly sharp and pointy.

> 'What on earth? Is he trying to morph Michael Jackson?' Rachel asked, annoyed.  
> 'Jackson? Nahh, after that fight between Chester and Jackson's Llama over that toy boat he isn't allowed, by law, anywhere in a 15 kilometre radius of the guy's house. There isn't any way he could have gotten his DNA.' Marco labouriously described.

> Chester, meanwhile, had shrunk to a fraction of his size, and finally stopped. He was sitting atop a small cage, motionless, while the others looked on in absolute horror, disgust, revulsion, and a



disgusting! Even the AUTHOR didn't like it!'

> Tobias shuddered. It must have been bad. What'd I say? The Author censored my mind.<br> Rachel then repeated the highly inappropriate thing Tobias said.

> Tobias fainted and fell onto the barn floor.<br> That was extremely inappropriate, Ax chided the author.

> The author shrugged. 'My fanfic. I can do whatever I want!'  
> Ax decided to shut up before the author decided to do something to him.

> Jake lost it. 'That's IT, I've had enough! We're going, we're going NOW, and that is final!'  
> Marco started to say something, but Jake leapt up and knocked him out with a fish he had been keeping handy. He glared at the others.

> 'Anyone else feel lucky?' They shook their heads. <hr> Visser Three was brooding again. He did that a lot. More than that, he was annoyed. So there he sat, Dracon beam in hand, taking pot-shots at passing Taxmen. He had just nailed his fifth when his COMM board lit up.

> What is it?<br> A Hoot-and-Jeer on the other end responded 'Incoming Message from Visser 2'.

> Visser 2?!? Visser Three screeched.<br> 'That's what I said,' The voice responded.

> Visser Three's mood got much, much worse. The position of Visser 2 had recently been replaced - after the original Visser Two, Elvis, had eaten too much cheesecake and rolled down a hill, crushing and killing Barney the Big Purple Dinosaur, who had been Visser 5. For this wanton act of gluttony, the Council of Thirteen had decided to demote Visser 2 and employ him as an offensive weapon, used for rolling over Andalites. Visser Three had hoped to get that job, but the Council of Thirteen had selected someone else.<br> Visser Two's face appeared on the screen. He let out a puff of smoke.

> No, Monke...err, Visser Two, I have not yet succeeded in destroying the Andalite scum. Visser Three started to tremble in annoyance.<br> Monkey let out a few more puffs of smoke.

> You take that back, you chain smoking fleabag! At least \*I\* don't have 'Made in Taiwan' stamped on my rear!<br> The Monkey let out one more puff.

> What do you mean, yes I will?<br> The monkey let out a quick set of puffs.

> That has to be the single most insane thing I've heard! But if it will cause your downfall, then I'll gladly assist!<br> With that, Visser cut the screen to pieces with his tail blade, and then also cut up a Taxman who'd come in to investigate.

\* \* \*

><br> 'Damn! When did Chester get so heavy? Why are we doing this?' complained Rachel. She and the other Animorphs were dragging a huge white sack into the forest.

> Because it is best to leave Chester behind when doing anything of importance. Or anything, for that matter. 'And our plan is,' said Jake, heaving the sack through the trees, 'Is to get him on his bed, leave him in the forest, and let him think that story Marco told him about how if you eat watermelon seeds, a forest grows in your bedroom!'  
> Are you sure Chester's dumb enough to believe that?

> Everyone looked at Tobias incredulously.<br> Sorry, silly question.

> After hauling the bed with Chester on it (still tied up) for an hour, they left him in the forest.<br> 'There. We're done,' Jake said. 'Now may God have mercy on his soul.'

> Everyone did a quick, silent prayer that God wouldn't. But as everyone knew, God wanted to keep Chester out of heaven for as long as humanly possible.<br> They left Chester, sleeping on the bed with his beaten up animal that he said was a teddybear, Mr Poozle.

> Everything grew very dark..... <hr> Chester was sleeping, clutching his teddybear Mr Poozle. Mr Poozle had an identity crisis. Yesterday he thought he was Napoleon. The day before that he thought he was Chester. Well, probably Chester had the identity crisis because he was the one who was playing with Mr Poozle at the time.

> Someone tapped him on the shoulder. 'Ghnnnoooooowwww wayyyyyyy,' he muttered. The tapping grew harder. He ignored it until the tapping grew to an almighty whack against his face. He sat up.<br> A giant Mr Poozle hovered above him.

> 'AAH! Mr Poozle!'  
> 'Ah! Mr Poozle! Have mercy! I didn't mean to marry you off to Roseanne Barr yesterday! Please!'  
> I WAS TRYING A SHAPE YOU WOULD BE FAMILIAR WITH.

> 'Who are you?'  
> Mr Poozle disappeared and an old man stood in front of his bed.

> I AM AN ELLIMIST.  
> 'Are you Santa Claus?'  
> NO. I AM AN ELLIMIST.  
> 'Are you the Pillsbury Doughboy?'  
> I TOLD YOU. I AM AN ELLIMIST.  
> 'Tooth Fairy?'  
> The man sighed. I AM AN ALL-POWERFUL BEING.  
> 'Like Madonna?'  
> JUST LISTEN TO ME. I NEED YOUR HELP. THE ELLIMISTS ARE PLAYING WITH ANOTHER RACE. WE PLAY A DARK GAME.  
> 'You play a game in the dark?'

> NO, WE PLAY A DARK GAME.  
> 'So you play a dark game.'  
> YES.  
> 'A dark game.'  
> YES.  
> There was a silence.

> ARE WE ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH?  
> 'You go on waves? I thought it was a dark game.'

> NO! The Ellimist started getting really annoyed. WE DO PLAY A DARK GAME!  
> I JUST ASKED IF WE WERE ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH!

> 'Oh. Are we?'  
> The Ellimist couldn't answer that.

> 'Why did you come to me? Why didn't you go to another Animorph, like Rachel?'  
> I TRIED. RACHEL SAID THAT IF I EVER CAME INTO HER ROOM AGAIN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, SHE'D SUE ME.

> 'Oh.' Chester could understand that. He didn't understand most of what this old blue coot was saying, but he could understand that.  
> BUT YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE I COULD REACH. I NEED YOUR HELP. MY PROBLEM GOES LIKE THIS-

> 'Sorry,' Chester said, shaking his head wildly. 'Jake and the other Animorphs don't let me do anything for strangers.'  
> The Ellimist had an idea.

> CHESTER, IF YOU DO WHAT I SAY, I'LL GIVE YOU THE ONE THING YOU'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF.  
> Chester gasped, his spleen nearly rupturing at the very thought.

> 'An Animorph TV Show, starring me?!?'  
> YES. TO SHOW YOU I SPEAK THE TRUTH, I WILL GIVE YOU A PREVIEW. LEARN.

> Chester suddenly found himself in front of a TV screen.  
> The TV came up with a very ugly teenager who had a passing resemblance to Jake.

> 'My name is Jake. I lead the Animorphs. But we can't tell you where we live, because we can't. And you won't be able to guess anyway, because we won't let you. So we can't tell you our last names, otherwise fans of the book series will bomb our houses. But although I'm the leader, I'm not as cool as Chester.'  
> A handsome, dashing version of Chester appeared on the screen, and several scantily clad women started singing 'oohhhh, Chester!'

> The scene quickly switched to that of a barn, not unlike the one

the Anidumbpeople met in, but it had makeout music playing in the background. Chester could vaguely see Tobias and what looked like Rachel making out on the loft. Marco, wearing a cap backwards and holding a ghetto blaster, was busy talking to Jake.<br> 'You get downwwwn, man, my homies kick those Yeerk butts from outta my hood, green?'

> Cassie just nodded. Chester looked at her, and saw a sign saying 'Personality Challenged. Please insert a quarter for a cliché'd statement'. Jake did so.<br> 'Be there or be Yeerked!' Cassie said, then resumed her listless pose.

> Jake started talking to the camera again. 'Since we have such a small budget, I'll take you back to where we first met Elfangor, so we save on costs with re-used footage.'  
<br> The scene changed, and Chester witnessed a fairly groovy (if short) space battle, with CGI ships. Several kids approached a darkened figure, who slowly moved into the light.

> Tobias was busy thinking out loud, once again, about how he was an orphan (i.e. having no discernable parental figures). Thanks to the Ellimist and his desire to facilitate Chester, the shot immediately cut to a pathetic looking Tobias in front of a large Andalite who, curiously, was wearing a black hat and white apron.<br> 'Please sir...can I have som'ore?' Tobias asked pitifully, his eyes large and puppy-like.

> 'MORE?' the Andalite roared, curiously growing a mouth.<br> Chester, not actually understanding the significance of this classic piece of literature and mistaking it for a Marx brothers movie, just had a good chuckle.

> 'I love Harpo!' he giggled.<br> Rachel quickly jumped into Tobias' arms. 'Save me?' she asked hopefully.

> Tobias rolled his eyes. 'Get off, Rachel. You know I can't act and make out at the same time!'  
<br> Rachel pouted. 'I'll go and see if Marco wants anything.'

> 'Don't even try, querida,' said Marco, the scriptwriters suddenly feeling they had to make Marco, though brought up American and partially a homie, speak Spanish.<br> The figure, although it had no legs and no recognizable back portion, spoke up.

> I am...Elfangor, it pronounced.<br> Tobias, who at this point wasn't playing tongue twister with Rachel, looked at him incredulously. 'No you aren't, you're Kermit the Frog! Just a big, blue, Kermit the Frog! You look like a reject muppet from the Cantina scene in Star Wars!' Elfangor nodded sadly. You should wait till you see the other aliens, they're all this bad...or worse. But first, press the button on this white glowing waffle.

> In front of Chester's eyes, the scene changed again. Another alien came down from another ship.<br> 'We will exterminate Elfangor! Exterminate, Exterminate!'

> From where he was hiding, Tobias jumped up and shouted 'Hey, you're not a Yeerk infested Andalite, you're a Dalek!' The Dalek made a whirring sound. 'Yes, we are a Dalek. It was thought they needed an actual good villain, and we could not afford a decent Andalite. But my Hork-Bajir warriors will take care of you, and your nitpicker friends! Exterminate!' With that, the Hork-Bajir moved into view. Or rather, were pushed. Tobias once again provided commentary. 'Hey, those aren't aliens, they're cardboard figures with scary faces painted on them!'  
<br> 'Don't worry, gang, we can morph!' announced Jake, wearing his superhero cape.

> 'Jake, my main man? Don't we hafta aquire something, amigo?'<br> 'Shut up, Marco! That'd be LOGICAL!'

> The scriptwriters howled in pain. 'Please.. please... not the 'L' word!'  
<br> Rachel eyed Jake. 'I don't know. I bet I can acquire you.'



Can I try?'

> She shoved her hand under his shirt, much to the censor's dismay.<br> 'Rachel, he's your cousin!' Marco said.

> Rachel shrugged. 'He's wearing pants, isn't he?'<br> 'Morph!' commanded Jake. All of their body parts folded in, one at a time, with a strangely familiar buzzing noise that was ripped off Transformers.

> 'Animorphs, roll ou- uh, I mean, attack!'  
> The producers ran in waving the script. 'No violence! No violence!'

> Chester had seen enough.<br> 'Blue Guy, this sucks! I want to go hooooomEEEE. Chester phone home!'

> IF I STOP IT, WILL YOU HELP ME?<br> Chester looked at Rachel busily frenching with Tobias next to a styrofoam worm with eyes and evil teeth pencilled on.

> 'Please! Please!'  
> The image was immediately swept away. 'Crimeny!' Chester breathed.

> Then he sighed with relief. 'At least no-one is THAT stupid to really put on that show. I mean, it's just too terrible!'  
> OH, NO, OF COURSE NOT. Then the Ellimist was strangely silent, and the darkness around Chester seemed to shudder in silent horror.

\* \* \*

> 'Reset! I just found a button called REEESSSETTTTT, and suddenly th-'  
> The singing career of the singing plot describer who had been following Marco, Jake, Rachel, Tobias and Ax suddenly died. Ax withdrew his tail blade from its position, embedded deep within the singer's larynx.

> 'Thank you,' Rachel muttered under her breath.<br> The sky opened, and another singing plot describer fell out.

> You see, Ax, THIS is what happens when you screw with the very fabric of reality. I don't mean to say I told you so but.....I told you so! Tobias said smugly.<br> Ax didn't care. He was too busy being accosted by hundreds of girls wearing rock 'n' roll skirts. Marco jumped up with a microphone. 'Reset riot!'

> Jake shoved his hands over his ears, but couldn't avoid singing, 'Riot!'  
> 'Throw back a bottle of-'

> Ax quickly killed the author. The singing died.<br> 'Oooh, but I \*liked\* the women!' Jake said.

> Go to hell, Tobias rudely muttered.<br> 'Will you fly me there?' retorted Jake.

> Only if you're ready for your action now, Danger boy, Tobias cut back.<br> Rachel got out her large gun. 'You two keep on spouting obscure Aeon Flux quotes, you both lose valuable parts of your anatomy!'

> Jake and Tobias pouted. 'But I can catch flies with my eyelashes!'  
> Jake protested.<br> Rachel ignored them and carried on the trek to find the Reset Button.

> Marco stood on the edge of the nearby, convenient chasm. 'RESET BUTTON AT THREE O'CLOCK!'  
> They all stood and wondered at the huge, shiny red button.

> 'Oooohhhhh. Eeeehhhhh. Oooohhhhh. Aaaahhhhh. Ding, dang, wolla-wolla bing bang, oh-e, oh-ah-ah ding dang wolla wolla bing bang!' they chorused, with the aid of a singing Australian who had happened to wander in. However, their jolity was short lived, because from all around, they heard the same song. And the jolly Australian turned into a not-so-jolly morphing creature.<br> Visser Three! Ax screamed.

> He's so complex! Tobias added.<br> Tobias began to study Visser Three intently, who just stood and said nothing. Tobias began to



pretty stupid idea. Visser Three looked at the 'I Love Walter Koenig' written in black on his arm.<br> Monkey puffed.

> Visser Three smiled. Those were the days, weren't th- He shuddered and expelled all nauseous sentiment the author had pumped into him. None of that! You're delusional, captain!<br> 'Aww,' the author said.

> A few sub-visser came and started carting out the dolls. How long will this plan take? Visser Three asked tartly. Monkey was covered in strawberry tart from Visser Three's tart question, but he still managed to puff a smoke ring. You know the author! The author is about as reliable as you in a tobacco shop!<br> Monkey smoked patiently.

> Visser Three sighed and began tapping his hooves. <hr> BACK TO THE ANIMORPHS

\* \* \*

> The Animorphs backed up nervously on the button in time with the ominous music.<br> 'What are we going to do, Jake?' Marco wailed. 'You hear the ominous music, don't you? DON'T YOU? We're ALL GOING TO-'

> Aximili knocked him out with the flat of his tailblade.<br>

'Thanks, Ax,' Jake breathed.

> Rachel began turning grey.<br> What are you doing, Rachel? Tobias asked.

> I'm gonna push the button!<br> 'Are you mad?' Jake demanded.

'That's logical! The author will be on you in a moment! And then...'

> He shuddered. 'The punishment.'  
> Oh, God, no! Tobias moaned.

> I've got to do something! said Rachel, a trunk growing out her face.<br> 'Remember last time, Rachel? The author made us watch an episode of Tellytubbies. Do you want to put us through that again?'

> Rachel stopped morphing for a moment. No.... no! Her voice took on a bright tone. Eh-oh, Dipsy!<br> The Taxmen all stopped reaching for them and lay still.

> Jake shuddered theatrically. 'Time for Tubby bye-bye. Time for-'<br> The Taxmen, at the sound of the words of their Multi-Coloured Saviours, stretched up.

> 'Tubby Custard!' they chanted, swaying back and forth.<br> Marco, strangely coming back to consciousness, opened an eye. 'Man, this is like an episode of Donahue.'

> Rachel stood on him.<br> When, at that moment, something really quite bizarre happened. The Taxmen got trampled.

> 'Ohhhhh, WEVE GOT THE ANIMORPHS, YES YES YES WE DOOOOOOOOOOOO!'  
> And quite amusingly, the troupe of dancing Hoot-and-Jeers trampled all over the cheap TV imitations of Taxmen. Which was quite amusing, really, given that they were made of polystyrene in the first place. Their job as annoying, re-used deus ex machina complete, the troupe went back to Reno to rehearse for their next big concert with an ageing William Shatner.

> 'Well, that wasn't what I expected,' Jake mused.<br> 'Yes.' Rachel nodded.

> 'Uhuh,' Marco added.<br> And they all just stood around nodding and agreeing with each other to try and kill time.

> 'Hey, we still have to hit the button!'  
> 'The button, the button!' they chorused.

> And so, with that, Jake violently slammed the shiny reset button.<br> Nothing happened.

> Well, something happened, but not the thing they were thinking was

going to be happening - the Ellimist appeared.<br> Rachel glared at him "Oi, what are you doing here then?".  
> WE CAN'T INTERFERE, YOU KNOW. YES, YOU DO KNOW. I TELL YOU THAT ALL THE TIME WHILST SEEMINGLY CONTRADICTING MYSELF.<br> 'You nasty Timothy Jones, you!' Jake shouted for no apparent reason.  
> OOOOH. THAT HURT MY FEELINGS.<br> Everyone ignored the last sentence because Big Brother told them to.  
> WELL, said the Ellimist, I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.<br> 'You're pregnant?' Marco asked incredulously.  
> NO.<br> 'You've decided that there's more profit in Microsoft?' Jake asked in the same tone.  
> ER, NO.<br> Ellimist Junior is my child? Ax asked, gasping.  
> NO!<br> 'You're gay?' asked Rachel, in a surprisingly bored voice.

> Jake put his hands on his hips. 'Rachel, we rehearsed that line for AGES! You know how it goes!'  
<br> Rachel sighed and put her hands on her cheeks theatrically. 'You're gay?' she asked, and sucked in her breath so hard Tobias lost all his tailfeathers in the vacuum.  
> NO. CHESTER HAS-<br> There was a roll of ominous drums.  
> GONE OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE.<br> Marco rolled his eyes. 'I know that. \_Everyone\_ knows that.'  
> NO- I MEAN HE'S GONE TO THE DARK SI-<br> Jake clapped his hands over the Ellimist's mouth, even though the Ellimist was a non-corporeal being. 'Shut up! Do you want us to get sued?'  
> The Ellimist sighed. CHESTER HAS GONE OVER TO THE SIDE OF EVIL.<br> Yes! exulted Tobias, flying into the air.  
> Rachel danced around. 'No more Chester!'  
<br> Marco joined in and they both sang. 'No more Chester, la-la-la-la-la, la!'  
> A large lion jumped up. 'Idiots! There will BE a king! I will be-'  
<br> Ax pointed left. Studio's that way. This is Anidumbpeople.

> 'Oh. Sorry,' said the lion and loped off so there wouldn't be a lawsuit.<br> How did it happen? Tobias asked.  
> The Ellimist took his cue. IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS....<br> There was a whole lot of wavy swirls and bubbles to signify a flashback.  
> <hr> THE FLASHBACK

\* \* \*

> Chester walked into the Darkened Room(tm). There was a large table with an ominous dark cover. <br> A pair of Malevolent Eyes(tm) glared red at him from across the table. They ignored it and went to the cover.  
> 'Is this the game you play?' asked Chester.<br> YES. The Ellimist took the cover off and Chester's eyes bulged comically.  
> 'My God.'  
<br> The Game was coloured brightly red and green. There were mysterious symbols on ruled rectangles, saying dark, mysterious things like 'Jail: Do Not Pass Go' and 'Luxury Tax.'  
> \_Which mortal have you brought with you?\_ The dark figure asked.<br> I HAVE BROUGHT CHESTER.  
> The red-eyed being looked at him.<br> ''Ave you got Pinkeye, guv?' Chester asked, suddenly Cockney.  
> \_No\_.<br> 'Oh. Okay, Mr. Pinkeye.'  
> The being looked at him and asked menacingly, \_Would you like fries with that?\_<br> Chester was baffled. 'I'm baffled!'  
> \_I know. I read the last sentence.\_ The being looked at Chester. \_I was merely asking a question.\_<br> DON'T CONFUSE HIM. HIS BRAIN WILL START TO HURT.  
> \_Every sci-fi series has to have an All-Knowing Cliche'd Entity(tm),\_ the being explained. \_And that being has to have a

question. Like, "What do you want?" or "Who are you?" or "Why are you wearing that thing on your head?"\_<br> 'Ah, yes. I see, I see, ah, yes.'

> \_Good.\_ The being looked at Chester and it's eyes sparked. \_Do you like toys, Chester?\_<br> NO! NO, THAT ISN'T ALLOWED...

> Chester nodded.<br> \_Do you like Elmo?\_

> OI! NONE OF THIS!<br> The being waggled a piece of red fluff in front of Chester. \_You can have this if you join me...\_

> NO! CHESTER! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU! NEVER TAKE TICKLE-ME-ELMOS FROM STRANGE ENTITIES!<br> Chester ran around the table and stuck his tongue out at the Ellimist. 'Golly Gee, Mr. Pinkeye, I'll help you!'

> \_Yes! With Chester, I will get what I have always wanted!\_ the being exulted.<br> WHAT? WORLD CONTROL? BEAUTIFUL WOMEN? TO RULE THE UNIVERSE?

> The entity grinned evilly and took a silver game piece. \_The little scotty dog.\_<br> NOOOOOO!.....

\* \* \*

> Interval <hr> A whole lot of girls run in, singing, 'Build me up, build me up,. Buttercup Baby, just to let me-'

> A guy with an axe ran in and killed them all. That in itself was more entertaining than the whole damn fanfic.<br>

\* \* \*

> End of Interval <hr> A rack of movie seats had been set up in the barn. Jake, Cassie, Marco, Rachel, Axelrose and Tobias were sitting in the front row with clipboards.

> Why did I get a clipboard? I can't hold a pen! I can't write!<br> 'Shut up, Tobias,' Rachel said vaguely.

> Tobias did so. You're so cute when you're vague, he said, hopping onto the back of her chair.<br> Rachel turned around, whacking him with the clipboard. Tobias fell to the floor.

> Dang, he croaked.<br> Jake looked purposefully to the front of the barn. 'Okay, first candidate- Dog Boy.'

> A nondescript guy in a dog suit came out, carrying the mask of the dog in his arms.<br> 'Okay, what are your morphing powers?' Cassie asked.

> The guy put on the head and fell to the floor, barking. 'Rrrwuff! Rrrrwuff!<br> 'You know, he's pretty good,' Marco observed.

> 'Okay, how good are you at getting into bad situations?' Jake asked.<br> The guy stood up. 'I am guaranteed to get into fights whenever I walk down the street.'

> Jake checked his clipboard. 'Okay, we'll call you. Next!<br> A huge, hulking woman in a suit of armor came out.

> 'Okay, what are your morph powers?' Rachel asked.<br> The woman swung a rabbit over her shoulder, aimed and conked Marco with it.

> 'Next,' Jake said tiredly.<br> A brunette girl came into the barn, giggling nervously. 'Are you guys really Tobias and Ax?'

> Yes, we are.<br> 'Can I have your autographs?'

> 'Next!<br> 'Muzak! Muzak! I will become the Muzak!' A large man in a clown suit with an odd skin pigmentation came sliding through the door.

> 'OOOOOh, he's sliding through the door now!'. Rachel admired.<br> 'I am....Dr. Klownius! Ah! Ha! Hahahaha! Ahahahahahahahahahahaha!'

Klownius just sat there laughing for 3 hours non-stop, after which he abruptly stopped.

> Alllllrighty then. What can YOU do? Tobias finally asked.<br> In a

flash of Japanese-esque advertising sparkles, Klownius produced a chocolate covered taco.

> 'A Winner taco! Now, watch!'  
> Klownius slowly ate the taco, and turned into a large polar bear.

> Oooooooooohhh.  
> Ahhhhhhhhhhh.

> Eeeeeeeeeee.  
> Laaaaaaaaaaa.

> Naaaaaaarf.  
> Ax and Tobias sat there and tried to out-chant each other, until Rachel whipped a massive mallet out of nowhere and whacked them both in a comical manner. Meanwhile, Dr. Klownius just stood there as a polar bear and looked at everyone.

> 'Well, thats....nice. How long can you stay in that morph?' Jake asked.  
> '5 miles. As the crocodile births.' He responded.

> Everyone shuddered.  
> 'Do you have any novel or good methods of attack for use in battle?' Cassie asked.

> 'Ja. I have ein joke! 'There were 5 peanuts walking down ein strasse. One of dem was a salted! Ahahaha! Ahahahahaha! Ahaha!'  
> From out of nowhere, someone yelled 'You suck Klownius!' to which he responded by grabbing an Uzi from somewhere and shooting him.

> Marco fainted.  
> 'Ahhhh! Stark realism!' Cassie screamed.

> 'Stay away from that SAMOFLANGE!' Jake yelled.  
> Ax looked at him. What the \*\*\*\* is a Samoflange?

> 'I'll tell you,' offered Klownius.  
> A band struck up out of nowhere.

> 'He's going to tell!' Rachel said excitedly.  
> 'He's going to tell-'

> 'He's going to tell-'  
> 'He's going to-'

> Whilst everyone was singing, Jake shook Klownius' hand. 'You're in!'  
> Marco jumped into Ax's arms. 'Will you help me find my inner child?'

> Axelrose took his tail and sliced open Marco, thus killing him. 'I see no inner child.'  
> The laugh track ran on for hours.

> <hr> SOMEWHERE ELSE

\* \* \*

> The Pinkeye gave another card to Chester, whereupon he hooted.  
> 'Yee-ha! I own the waterworks, all four railroads, and a hotel over Park Road!'

> YOUR HOTEL IS A DUMP AND THIS MONOPOLY IS PATHETIC, the Ellimist countered.  
> \_Oh, shut up. You're just jealous because he bought Pennsylvania Ave, and you wanted to build a house there\_.

> The fabric of reality around Chester seemed to shudder angrily.  
> 'Uh, Mr. Pinkeye, if this game is so dark and dangerous, why is it so boring?'

> \_You know, I never thought of that. Did you think of that?\_  
> NO.

> \_Bugger\_.  
> WELL, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS?

> 'Sure....you could make cheese fly out of the board and strike random players! I always found that dangerous. Or you could put ants in the bank, so when a person reaches in his hand gets covered in ants!'  
> The Ellimist and the redeye guy had to take a break for the next few hours whilst Chester just rolled around on the floor, laughing.

> CHEESE, EH? <hr> '-fat cat came to play, now, you can't run fast enough! You best stay away when the pushers come to shove, oh, yeah-'  
> Visser Three groaned inwardly. Because Monkey had left him, he had sent out for fresh new underlings. Unfortunately, they had turned out to be Gedds with slick black hair'dos.

> 'Zoot suit Riot, Riot!'  
> He looked out the window at all the dolls. They don't look right,

> do they? he remarked to his closest friend.<br> The Hollywood Hair Ken doll's hair grew purple stars.  
> No, I agree with you there.<br> The Narrator started up.  
> 'And as the Anidumbpeople team crept through the hall towards the dolls-<br> Ahah! Ahahahah! Ahahahahahahaha! The Visser said. I have them now! The narrator is a fool!  
> 'Am not.'<br> Are too!  
> 'Am not.'<br> Are to-  
> The Hollywood Hair Ken doll's stars grew in number.<br> Oh. I am sorry, Ken. This is foolish, I know.  
> The Stars changed color.<br> No, don't say that! It was only a quick self-mocking! And no, to answer your question, he wasn't. That was only a vicious rumor.  
> Hollywood Hair ken sat and stared, but said nothing.<br> Why are you staring at me like that, Ken?  
> Nothing happened.<br> No, you don't mean to! Say it isn't so!  
> Nothing happened.<br> You're going to take my job, aren't you?!?

> Still nothing.<br> No Inferno, you're meant to stay here and protect ME!, the Visser continued in a whiny voice.  
> Visser 3 just got so damn confused, he picked up Ken and was ready to throw him out the window when-<br> 'Oh, I AM THE MUUUUUUUZZZZZAKKKKK'  
> With that, a large, funny looking person carrying a cooler bag jumped in through the window, which was odd because there wasn't one.<br> 'Muaha! Muahahaha! Ahgaa! Ahaha! \*cough\*'  
> With that, the Visser just stopped and gaped as the odd person went into the bag and grabbed a small taco from it. 'Behold, the power of WINNER TACO!<br> However, before anyone could react, the Hollywood Hair Ken doll jumped on Dr. Klonnius, and the two started wrestling.

> No, Ken, its too dangerous! Don't do this for me! Think of the children!!!<br> The stars grew a bit, then shortened.  
> No! No, please! You're the only one I loovvveeee!<br> Suddenly, in a contrived way, a shuttle came down outside and landed on the grass, not that there was any.  
> A glowing, shiny door appeared on the hull.<br> One, small, figure appeared. And smoked.  
> Visser Three rushed to the dying side of Ken. Ken.... what have I.... what have they done?! He asked, suddenly having a scottish accent.<br> Ken suddenly grew a working mouth and vocal chords. Also, a french accent.  
> 'Do you love heem?'<br> Visser Three picked Ken up and looked out the window at the glowing form of Monkey.  
> Well, I, uh...<br> 'Zen run to heem! If we could choose the onez we lurve, it would be easiar, but far less magical.'  
> Visser Three dropped Hollywood Hair Ken, who was then eaten by Klonnius. He jumped out the window, breaking his fibula (which wasn't bad, because Andalites didn't have fibulas) and ran to Monkey.<br> Suddenly, everything grew slower, and wildflowers grew up in the suddenly sunny grass. Sappy violin music played.  
> He ran to the light. Monkey... I...<br> Visser Three then realized the glowing light came from another source. The Ellimist...  
> The Ellimist conferred with the smoking genius, and he disappeared.<br> No, Monkey, no! Wait! I-  
> The Ellimist turned to Visser Three, who's eyestalks were drooping. 'The problems of two Kerks don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world, kid.'<br> Where will I go? What will I do? asked Visser Three.  
> 'Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn.' The Ellimist disappeared

in a bang of thunder and a sprinkle of confetti.<br> No! Wait! The Andalite began to run. I never got your phone number....  
> He sighed and walked back to the hall to the familiar voices.<br> '-run a comb thru' your coal-black hair!-'  
> <hr> BACK WHERE THEY BELONG AND YOU DON'T

\* \* \*

> Jake groaned, holding his head in his hands.<br> 'Oh, come on, Jake. It's not that bad,' said Cassie, wallowing around with the pigs, suddenly alive again.  
> 'Yes, it is! In a contrived way, I shall explain!' He sighed, and stared at the wall. 'It was quite, quite silly! Klownius went off by himself, and now HE'S back-'<br> He pointed at Chester, who was playing with the Cow with the PhD in Astrophysics again.  
> '- and it was quite stupid, the way he came back! In a flash of light, yes! Flashing, beautiful, award-winning light! Yes, indeedy, and-'<br> Ax quickly killed him. Sorry, Prince Jake.  
> 'Look, everyone!' Marco squealed. <br> The TV in the barn suddenly flickered on for no apparent reason. A smarmy Vegas showhost appeared.  
> 'Thank you, Singing Jazz Gedds! Now, folks, for the FIRST TIME in 12 YEARS, the Dancing Hoot-and-Jeers with their partner, Dr. Klownius!!'<br> The Hoot-and-Jeers began dancing around, screaming, 'We Have the Animorphs!' whilst Dr. Klownius began.  
> 'Five peanuts were walking down ein strasser. Vun was a salted! Ha! Hahahahahah! Also Haha!'  
> <hr> EPILOGUE

\* \* \*

> A dice rolled.<br> \_Goddamnit! He just landed on Free Parking again!\_ the Pinkeye groaned.  
> The Ellimist laughed. HEH. HEHEHEHEHEHEH. HEH.<br> \_Stop laughing, you blue weirdo!\_  
> JUST BECAUSE I'M WINNING....<br> \_You aren't winning! That infernal doll of yours is!\_  
> Monkey calmly smoked and the dice rolled again.<br> \_Great! Now he's won second place in a beauty contest!\_  
> <br> The author began to cackle.  
> <hr> FIN

End  
file.